

THE INTELLIGENCER

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The Intelligencer will publish brief and rational letters on subjects of general interest when they are accompanied by the names and addresses of the authors and are not of a defamatory nature.

In order to avoid delays on account of personal absence, letters to The Intelligencer intended for publication should be addressed to any individual connected with the paper, but simply to The Intelligencer.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 12, 1915.

Our old friend, Jap. Plavus, is with us again.

Atlanta narrowly missed having an Atlanta on the Lusitania.

This obscenity must be awfully galling to a certain ex-governor we know.

The milkman is not supposed to have anything to do with the water wagon.

The Chinese have demonstrated that they are neither hotheaded nor hotfooted.

There might be more accents than you think for in St. Louis' onion day celebration.

A report declared that Italy had declared war, but upon investigation we found it a-ly.

Filling Big European Wire Order.—Headline. More wire for Italy's neutrality fence?

In all of this excitement about the Lusitania we completely lost sight of old Doc. Dernberg.

We sincerely trust there's more truth than poetry in some of the "poetry" we receive.

Tirzah, York County, has a bread club. Is that the Tirzah famous for its candidate for railroad commissioner?

A report says that the war costs England \$10,500,000 a day. How we would like to swap a day's work for a day of war.

Spartanburg is hot after the militia encampment. She needn't get excited about the matter, as no one else seems to want it.

When you are called upon to back up President Wilson in case we go to war with Germany that does not mean turn your back to him.

Germany's gloating over the Lusitania butchery is not calculated to strengthen the ties between her and the few friends she possesses.

A reward of \$5,000 is offered for the recovery of the body of Vanderbilt who was lost when the Lusitania was sunk. And the relatives of the fowliest storage passenger who was lost would give even as much for his body if they had it.

We ought to revise our histories that paint terrible stories of savage Redskins who tomahawked defenseless women and children hundreds of years ago.

We have been expecting the Kaiser to issue a proclamation calling the people to return thanks for the Lord being on their side in their latest achievement.

An Atlanta paper has a "column" headed "Old Wine in a New Bottle," which reminds that in our rounds of the French restaurants we get the reverse of that.

A dispatch says the British steamer Lusitania was submarined. From all reports, we suppose that queenly liner does belong to the sub-marine class now sure enough.

Wonder what ex-Gov. Cole, L. Blessie thinks about the Lusitania disaster?—Greenwood Journal. What our esteemed ex-gov. things about a thing doesn't matter so much as what he says.

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DON'T CUT ADVERTISING.

In the last number of the Manufacturers Record, undoubtedly one of the most successful industrial and financial publications in the country, and one which is in touch with business conditions throughout the land, there appeared an editorial dealing with business conditions generally in the South and condemning the policy by some concerns, when the depression came over the country following the outbreak of the European war, of trying to reduce operating expenses by curtailing advertising.

After a most convincing discussion of the matter, the editorial concluded with this paragraph:

"The main principle to be considered always is that buyers do not trouble themselves to keep in mind the names of persons with whom they wish to trade, and that the surest way to waste money in advertising is to cease to advertise in times of depression. This man that keeps his advertisement in the paper year in and year out, in times of prosperity as well as in times of dullness, is the man that is going to control the trade wherever folks have money to spend."

To the business men who know the power of advertising the above words mean much. The men who have made a thorough test of advertising know that sporadic advertising is not the thing to do, but that the time to advertise is all the time. And, as the Record points out, while advertising may produce small results in periods of depression, the firm who sticks to it through thick and thin is the business which will control trade when conditions reach the normal again and people are turning loose their money once more.

A SPLENDID IDEA.

The idea advanced by the commanding officer of the local post of the Salvation Army, Ensign Belcher, of giving a free picnic for the poor children and mothers of the city some time this summer is a splendid idea, and one worthy of the undivided support of the good people of the community.

Undoubtedly there are a great many children and mothers, too, in our midst who rarely if ever enjoy an outing, a trip to the wood and fields and a good dinner in the open. In the larger cities where a meadow is a curiosity with a large percentage of the people, these picnics are held on a large scale, and they are always splendidly supported by the general public and highly successful. What larger cities of this State do in this respect Anderson could do on a smaller scale.

It is to be hoped that the Salvation Army will meet with popular encouragement in this worthy undertaking.

IT IS GOOD NEWS.

It is good news that comes from the paving commission that the bids for paving are exceptionally low. This means that the commission will be able to put down more paving than would have been possible had contractors submitted what are considered normal bids.

Inasmuch as the bond issue was originally to be for \$83,000 and it was found necessary to reduce it by \$3,000, the city will, after all, probably be able to do as much paving as if the full amount of bonds had been issued and the bids submitted for doing the work been on a par with prices generally quoted when there is more paving to do and contractors have plenty of work on their hands.

Selected Editorials

The editorials reprinted below are, in the judgment of the editor, among the best that have appeared in recent publications that have come to our exchange table. We do not give them as an expression of our own views on the subjects discussed, nor do we assume responsibility for any statements or opinions expressed therein.

Too Many Horses Going Abroad.

(Harrisburg Star-Independent.) The number of horses and mules being shipped from ports in this country for use in the war already is reckoned in the hundreds of thousands. The shipments are aiding the allies, since their destinations are ultimately England and France, and at the same time they are depriving this country of very valuable domestic animals. The United States, in its foreign horse trade, also is doing harm to itself in disposing of great numbers of mares at a time when a shortage of brood mares already exists.

We are not yet ready in the United States entirely to replace horses with automobiles. The latter are, of course, serving many purposes from which the former are being gradually retired. Yet horses still are indispensable on the farms, and it will be the American farmers, largely, who will suffer if the war leaves this country in want of sufficient supplies of the animals.

Most of the big American breeding farms went out of business when the racing tracks in various States were closed. The stock of these farms, including large numbers of the best thoroughbreds, were disposed of abroad, where even in these critical times racing is favored by the people. At the time of the latest official count, however, there still were 22,000,000 horses in this country, a not inconsiderable number. It is this number which shipments abroad are now depleting.

Canada has found it the part of wisdom to protect its horse breeding industry. Our government is, perhaps, making an unfortunate mistake in permitting the exportation of horses in such great numbers. The animals can for the present be used to much better purpose in America than in Europe and surely, as humane persons wisely point out, they would be much more comfortable here.

Saving.

(Pine Bluff Ark. Commercial.) It isn't what a man makes, it's what he saves, is an old saying. Many men can make money but they can't save it. Other men can save money but they can't make enough of it. Out in the southwest part of town is a neat little brown house which belongs to a man who drives a laundry wagon. He gets only a little more than \$12 a week. You can walk down the street and meet a dozen men who get between \$25 or \$50 a week and they pay rent. Saving is a habit. If a man starts it in his youth he's bound to profit by it later. Money begets money. A local bank, making a bid for saving deposits, advertised the following periods of a man's life, the average man, which is a great sermon: "Twenty to 30 years—this is the egotistical period when the son thinks he knows more than his father, and it is the 'wild oats' period. The young man who begins to save at this age is almost sure to amass wealth.

"Thirty to 35 years—the boy is now changing to a man. His business career is usually being shaped into form. Frugality and the savings habit now lay the foundation upon which may be built big opportunity.

"Thirty-five to 45—the man is now in his prime. Most of the world's greatest work is done by men during this period. It is the 'harvest time' of life. If no surplus has been accumulated it is now or never.

"Forty-five to 50—ninety per cent of men here meet with business reverses or decrease in earning capacity, and unless a saving account is held as a protection against the necessities of old age the man is without funds.

"Fifty to 60—statistics show that 95 per cent of all men of this age have lost all they ever had and are now dependent upon their daily labor for a living. At 50 work is hard to find. At 60, harder.

"Sixty to 65—statistics show that only one man out of 5,000 can recover himself on a financial footing. The others are either paupers or dependent upon friends or relatives for support."

The advertisement is headed: "Which is your period in life?"

China's Surrender.

(Charleston Post.) The Lusitania incident has almost obscured everything else, and the triumph of Japan in the controversy over the control of China was almost lost sight of. The ultimatum presented at Peking by the Japanese representative was promptly and completely satisfied, and every demand made in it has been conceded. The ultimatum omitted certain demands that had been particularly offensive as presented in the course of the negotiations, and the omission has given China opportunity to "save her face." The particular demands have, however, been reserved for future consideration, and it may be taken as reasonably certain that they will be put through in due season. China has surrendered completely to Japan and from now on the great nation will be under the domination and direction of her small but energetic neighbor, until such time as the national spirit of the Chinese is aroused and asserts itself by a marshalling of the immense resources of the country.

The success of Japan in this business was inevitable from the first moment of its undertaking. China is utterly helpless to defend itself, and the western nations are too much absorbed in the tremendous struggle in Europe to come to her relief, wherein lies their own interest. The United States was never even remotely disposed to take action that would be effective toward stopping Japan in her career of exploiting China. The accomplishment of Japan's designs upon China, without the landing of a single regiment or the call of a battleship, is one of the decisive events of the great European war, and a new state of things has begun in the Orient, from which great changes in the adjustment of the world are certain to come.

But Why Rejoice!

(Augusta Chronicle.) The New York Staats-Zeitung is the recognized leader of the German-American press. Hermar Rinkler, the editor, commenting on the sinking of the Lusitania, says: "I know that British sympathizers in America will raise their voices in solemn protest and horror. They will have many opportunities during the next few months to swell the chorus."

If this mocking threat represents the real attitude of German-American journalists toward the wholesale slaughter of American citizens by or for the German government then we are sorry for German-American journalists.

Nor is it true that British sympathizers alone voice their horror at this latest exhibition of German "frightfulness." Even those who have been disposed to sympathize stand aghast at such an act.

But what seems even worse than the act itself—if anything could be worse than the deliberate sinking of a ship with 2,000 human lives aboard, many of them women and children—is the rejoicing that is said to have taken place in Germany over the announcement of this tragic event. Even if it could be justified as an act of war, it could hardly be regarded as an occasion for a school holiday and general merriment.

From California

Interesting letter from Anderson County man living at Banning telling of the wonders of that great country and what the people are doing in the way of permanent improvements.

Banning, Calif., May 6, 1915. Editor Intelligencer:

It has been almost one year since my last letter to your paper, and, being once a correspondent when residing in Anderson County, I just feel like writing a few lines once and a while.

There are over three thousand acres of fruit trees in this fertile valley, and just lots of acres of grain and alfalfa. We have just had about three inches of rainfall, which insures a heavy crop this year. Almonds, apricots, peaches and peaches, are the four leaders that are grown here, and they pay good interest on six and seven hundred dollar acre land. Of course this includes full water rights.

Our county is now building some permanent roads—concrete—which will last a long time. Yes, we voted bonds—lots of them too. The folks out west do things. Come on and be shown.

We think Anderson County farmers will greatly profit by this war in time to come. It should be a good lesson to all the cotton farmers—one we may never forget.

When times get better you may hear from us again. In our last letter we said something about Elsie and one little two by four politician of the county took us to task for it. So what we have said about Manning is not for the sake of getting into a controversy with some sap-head. With best wishes to the Intelligencer and our friends of the county.

Sincerely,

O. E. GASSAWAY.

Advertisement for B. O. Crant Co. featuring a cartoon character and text: "Perhaps you're thinking about the cost of that new suit. Come in and let us think with you—we'll give you a big dollar's worth of satisfaction for every dollar you pay here, and your money is on call, too. No, we're not running a bank—but you can bank on satisfaction or your money back. Suits \$10 to \$25. Palm Beach, Mohair and Tropical Cloth Suits at from \$5 to \$15. And everything that is correct in furnishings to give your suit the proper background. B. O. Crant Co. 'The Store with a Conscience'"

Not A Pound of Fertilizer Under 600 Acres of Grain

Blackwell.—John M. Farrell, the foremost planter in this section of Barnwell county, placed on Saturday last with a Columbia bacterial company what is believed to be the largest single order for legume inoculation material ever contracted for by one consumer in South Carolina, 500 acres of farmogerm for cow peas and 30 acres for peanuts, on top of his recent order for inoculation for 200 acres of early maturing velvet beans.

In answer to the question if he had ever failed to receive a benefit from the inoculation of legumes, Mr. Farrell said: "No, inoculation has paid me better than any investment I ever made. I have now been using one brand for four years, each year buying more than the year before, and always regretting that it was not possible for me to inoculate every acre in the one year. I have used several different varieties of inoculation material, and though all gave me more or less benefit, the standard brand that I have ordered this year will always be used exclusively on my places as I am satisfied it is the best.

"I first used this material in 1912 on cow peas on dead poor sandy land. A surprising crop of cow peas resulted. I followed with oats, and to the amazement of myself, and all my friends, this land that had never produced enough oats to cut with a binder, yielded nearly 45 bushels of fine oats per acre. The next summer I used the bacteria more extensively, and tried out other makes, but none proved as satisfactory as the jelly culture with the ventilating tube in the bottle.

"In one notable instance, where I inoculated half of a field sowed to cow peas, last year on the inoculated section I made over two bales of cotton per acre, while on the portion that was not inoculated but treated in all respects the same I made one bale to the acre. You could tell to the row where the artificially inoculated crop was planted. Up to this time, I had rather questioned whether inoculation would pay on rich land, for this particular field was as fine land as I have. I had not noticed any special increase in the yield of cow peas, though the crop did look a darker green, and my overseer told me the stock seemed to relish the inoculated hay a good deal more than that which had not been treated. Jeff Hair, Herman Brown and many others who were out to see this cotton are quite familiar with what I now tell.

"Inoculation not only gives us plenty of nitrogen from the air, but there is no doubt that crops planted on inoculated soils suffer far less from drought, and continue to grow under conditions that make crop failures on uninoculated soils.

"I have also inoculated for hairy vetch, but was very late in getting my crop seeded—not until December, which is rather taking long chances. I turned under the vetch when it was in bloom, and the finest oats I have on my places are where that vetch was turned under, and they have not had one pound of fertilizer. Go see for yourself. My wheat and rye are both fine, and with another rain I will get big yields.

"I have over 750 acres already inoculated for cow peas, 100 acres for vetch, and will have this summer 200 acres in an early maturing velvet bean, planted in corn for seed, from which I expect great things. Twenty-five acres of inoculated peanuts will be seeded at the first opportunity, and I may plant more of the Red Spanish after oats, if I can find time to haul the limestones.

"I am preparing some of my best land for alfalfa to be seeded this fall, not a large acreage, for I want to know how to handle the crop before I attempt it in an extensive way. It has been inoculated for cow peas and vetch, but still needs more organic matter to overcome a tendency to bake before alfalfa is likely to be

a success, so I will sow three bushels of cow peas per acre, and turn under the entire crop before trying my first seeding of the great of all forage crops."

In years past Mr. Farrell has bought a number of carloads of steers and fed them in the winter to consume some of this great amount of forage. Asked if he contemplated engaging in live stock raising he said: "This is a cotton country and always will be, but I am enclosing a permanent pasture, and have two white faced pedigreed bulls at one of my farms. I hope to be able to bring in several carloads of good grade heifers of a beef type, for I know that stock raising should be included in all extensive farming operations. Even the growing of these rich inoculated crops will not solve all our problems, but if I can get the feeding value of those crops and their fertilizing value as well, I can manufacture them into beef, and beef is likely to be higher in the future than it is now.

"And then the soils need the manure, for manure is rich in bacteria of many kinds, most of them being of great benefit to soils. What I want to do and expect to do, through these inoculated crops, is to 'double my production of cotton, corn and oats per acre with no increase in cost of cultivation, and cut my fertilizer bills to a third of what I have been paying. I have seen enough to make me believe that this is not only possible but extremely probable, for both my oats and cotton production per acre have been doubled and then some.

"So you see I have good reason to believe in the inoculation of cow peas, and of vetch, too. Altogether, I shall have 730 acres of freshly inoculated land this summer, and it is possible that I will use 200 acres more if it is possible for me to put in the crops.

"I am beginning to find out that it pays to cut up a whole crop and turn it under, and in future more of this will be done on my places than in the past. There is a long standing tradition in this section that if you turn over or early fall it will 'sour the soil' under a green crop in the late summer, and this may be true unless the crop is handled right. But if you cut it all to pieces and turn it under, and then roll it down, discing it a time or two and rolling after each discing, you need not fear ill results. You will grow bigger and better crops. Inoculation has paid me big profits—the best returns I ever had from any investment."

"Come around again when we are thrashing oats, and then you can judge for yourself how fine they are, a good many pounds more to the measured bushel than the legal bushel, and grown without a pound of commercial fertilizer."

Six hundred acres of waving grain now adorn the Farrell farms, and Mr. Farrell's greatest regret is that the wet weather prevented him from putting in a larger acreage. On this subject he said:

"From my very best oats each year I select the seed for the next year's crop. This fall, with a somewhat reduced cotton acreage, I can commence planting oats earlier, and will put in as many Fulghum oats as I can harvest in two more weeks, thus doubling the amount of oats I could ordinarily handle. I am very much pleased with the results from the Fulghum. The crop is practically made now despite the dry spell, and unless we have bountiful rains, the Appler and Bancroft yields will be materially reduced—so much as to cut off all profit."

The people of Blackville firmly believe that Mr. Farrell is the only man in the cotton belt who came forward last August with a feasible solution of the cotton problem, when he advanced the argument that the fertilizer manufacturers of the country were the only ones who hold the key to the situation, and that by valorizing cotton, accepting it at 10 cents per pound of account, with-

holding the crop from the market, and selling fertilizers for the next crop to those who would pay cash for them, the entire cotton situation would have cleared, cotton would never have sold for less than 10 cents, and the sought-for acreage reduction would have been reached without legislation or non-binding agreements.

In the light of events, Mr. Farrell's plan would unquestionably have worked out, the farmers could have paid their debts, and the South been saved the "buy-a-bale" movement that benefitted very few producing farmers.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A Statistician.

"Lady," said Plodding Pete, "do you keep a dog?" "Yes." "An' a cat?" "Several of 'em."

"An', I suppose, mebbe you have something to spare to feed a hungry wayfarer?" "Yes. Are you hungry?" "No. I'm complain' statistics fur de Society of Useless Information to show de reckless extravagance of de rural population."—Washington Star.

A Language-Slinger.

T. H. Moll, who is a candidate for judge of the supreme court, recently met a man in the court house who appeared to know him. "You are running for something or other, aren't you, Mr. Moll?" he asked.

Moll told him he would like to be a judge of one of the superior court rooms. The man asked Moll who his opponent was. Moll told him. "Oh, yes, I know; he is the present incumbent!" the man exclaimed.—Indianapolis News.

The Righteous Not Undone.

"I prayed for de rain ter fall an drom de wicked man," said the sabbil philosopher, "an' please God, it wash ed my own house fum de face de yerth! How come de par' is de righteous work so contrary? But anyhow, Providence didn't git dees' er de righteous dat time, kase I don had de house insured fer twict what hit wuz wurth."—Atlanta Constitution.

The Office Seeker.

A man with a deep and steadfast longing for office will run excitedly around begging everybody he sees to sign his nomination petitions and then, when he finally gets enough signatures, will put on a clean shirt and announce that if the call of duty comes he will not disregard the summons.—Ohio State Journal.

Prayer.

If father gets the notion in his head that he is going to accomplish everything by prayer, it makes it hard for mother, who has to get up each morning in order that the children may have clothes and grub. I ain't knocking on prayer, mind you, but I don't pray for things that you can get 'thout it.—Acheson County (Kan.) Mail.

An Editor in Distress.

We sometimes wonder if any one appreciates The Sunlight. If they do, why don't they say an my recommending it to a neighbor and securing for it a new subscriber? We sometimes wonder if any one owes The Sunlight any gratitude. If they do, why don't they say so and stimulate the soul of the editor, who needs sympathy and encouragement?—Arcadia (Kan.) Sunlight.

A Young Feminist.

"You can't teach a hen anything," her mother said. "They have done more harm to the garden than a drove of cattle would. You can teach a cat, a dog, or a pig something, but a hen—never!" "Him!" exclaimed the child, indignantly. "I think they know as much as the roosters!"—Youth's Companion.